



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

4/12

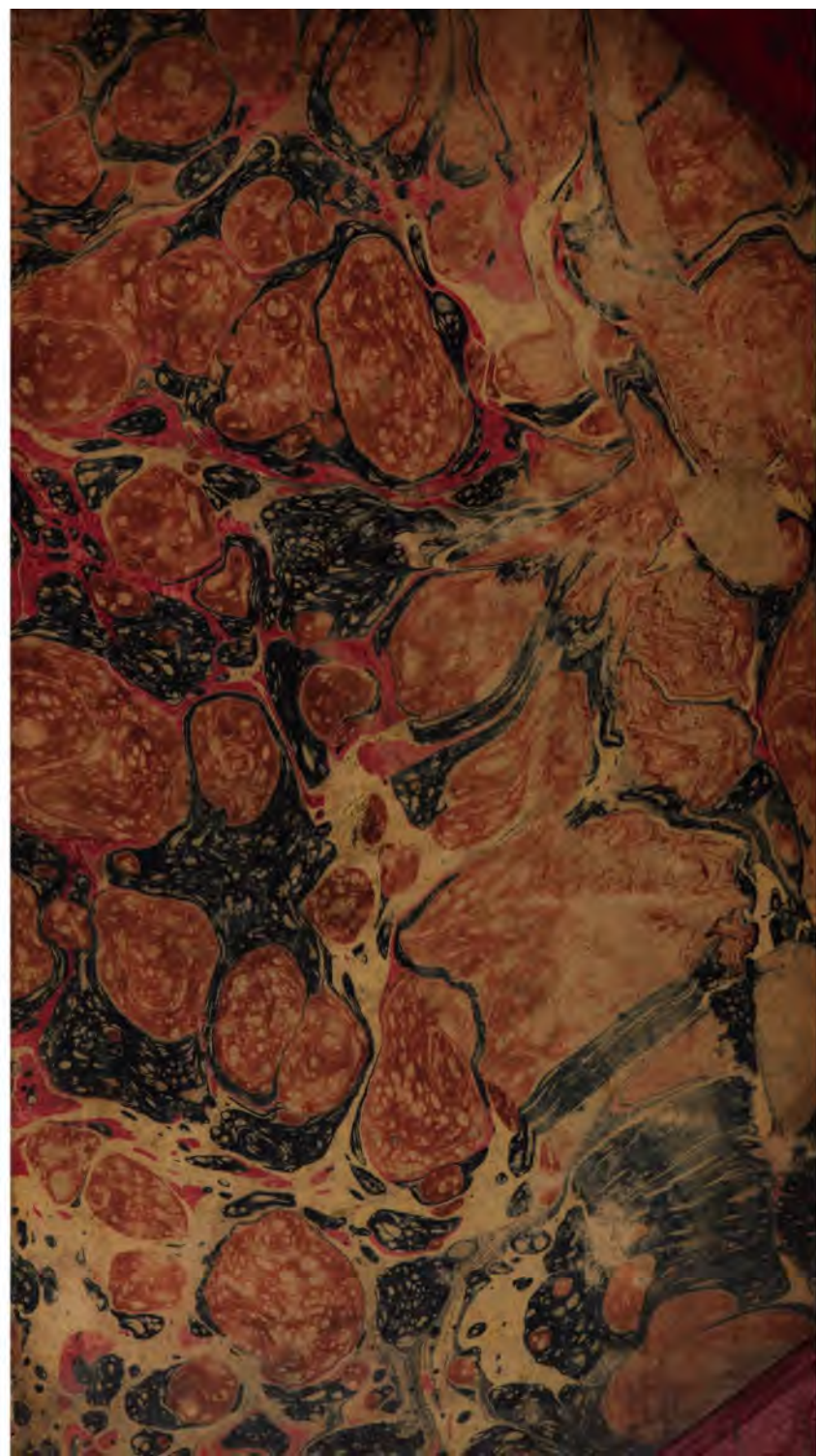
Natural Area and
for London

3/6









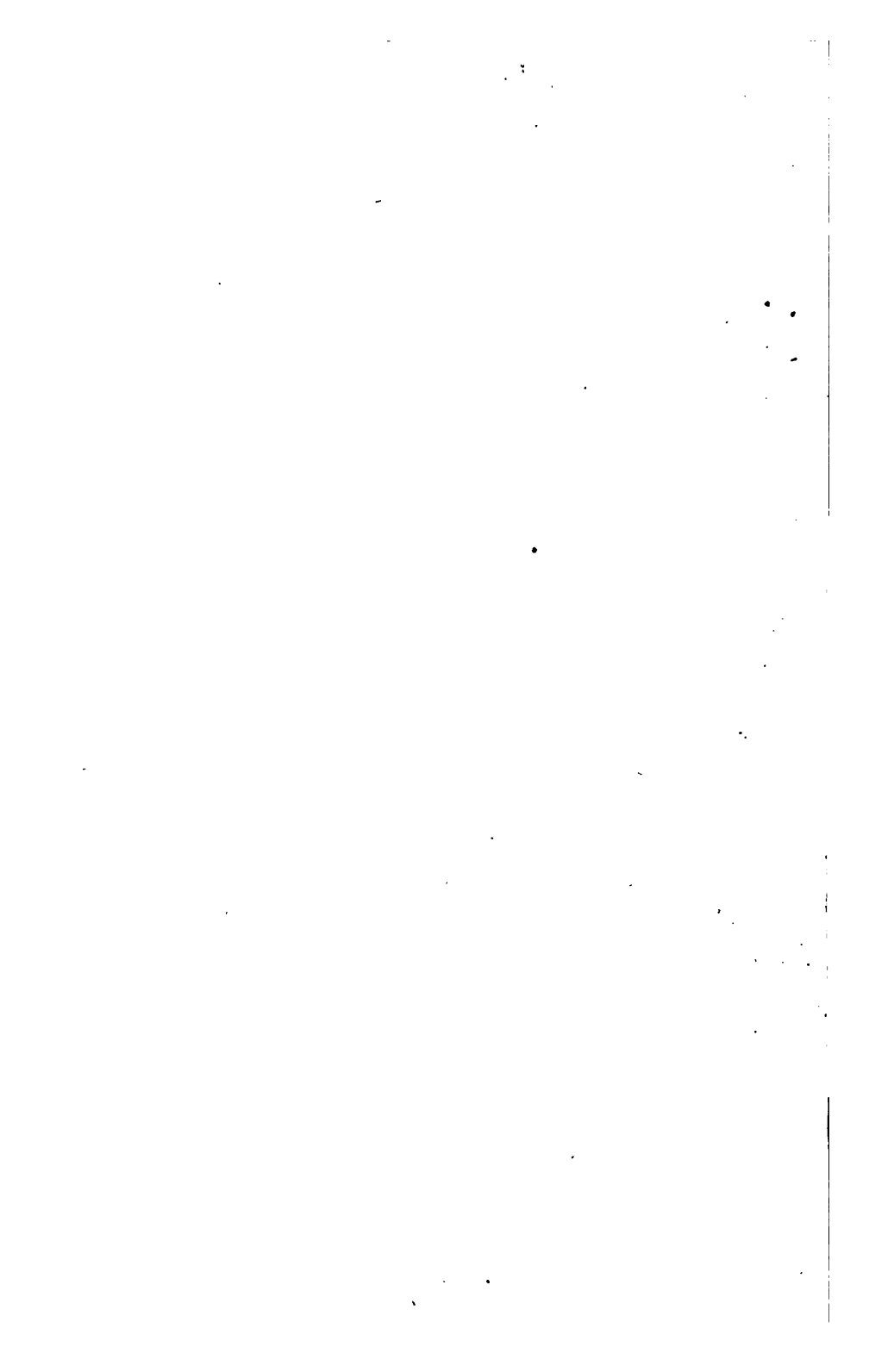
9/12

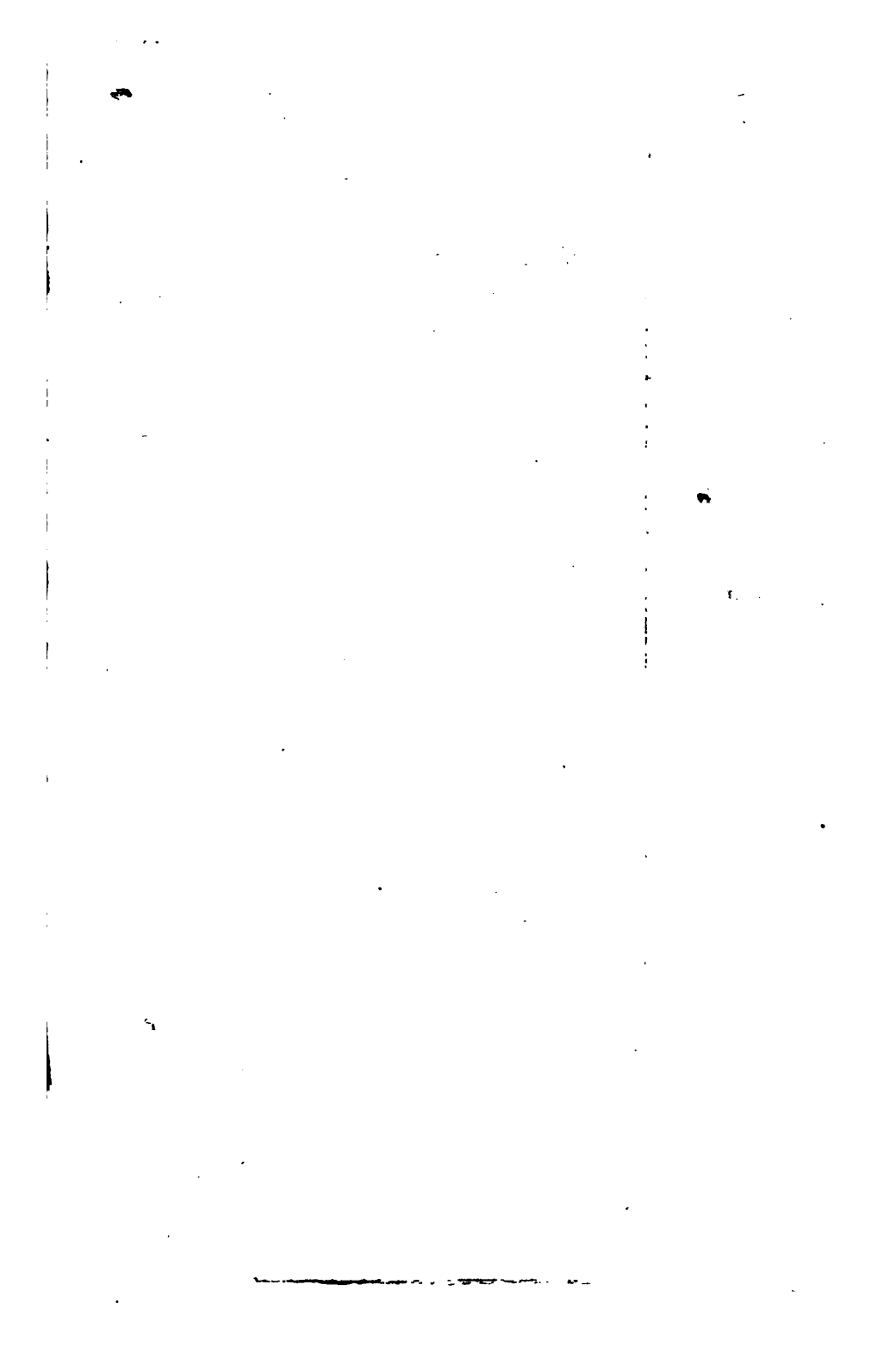
Statistical View and
Map of London

3/6











A. PARTIAL

TO
M.W. HARTSTONGE Esq^e from the Author.

UTOPIA FOUND:

BEING

An Apology

FOR

IRISH ABSENTEES.

Addressed to a Friend in Connaught

BY AN ABSENTEE,

Residing in Bath.



Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

SHAKESPEARE'S TEMPEST.

Printed by Gye and Son, Market-Place, Bath.

1813.

226. j. 157



A. PARTIAL

TO
M. W. HARTSTONGE Esq^r from the Author.

UTOPIA FOUND:

BEING

An Apology

FOR

IRISH ABSENTEES.

Addressed to a Friend in Connaught

BY AN ABSENTEE,

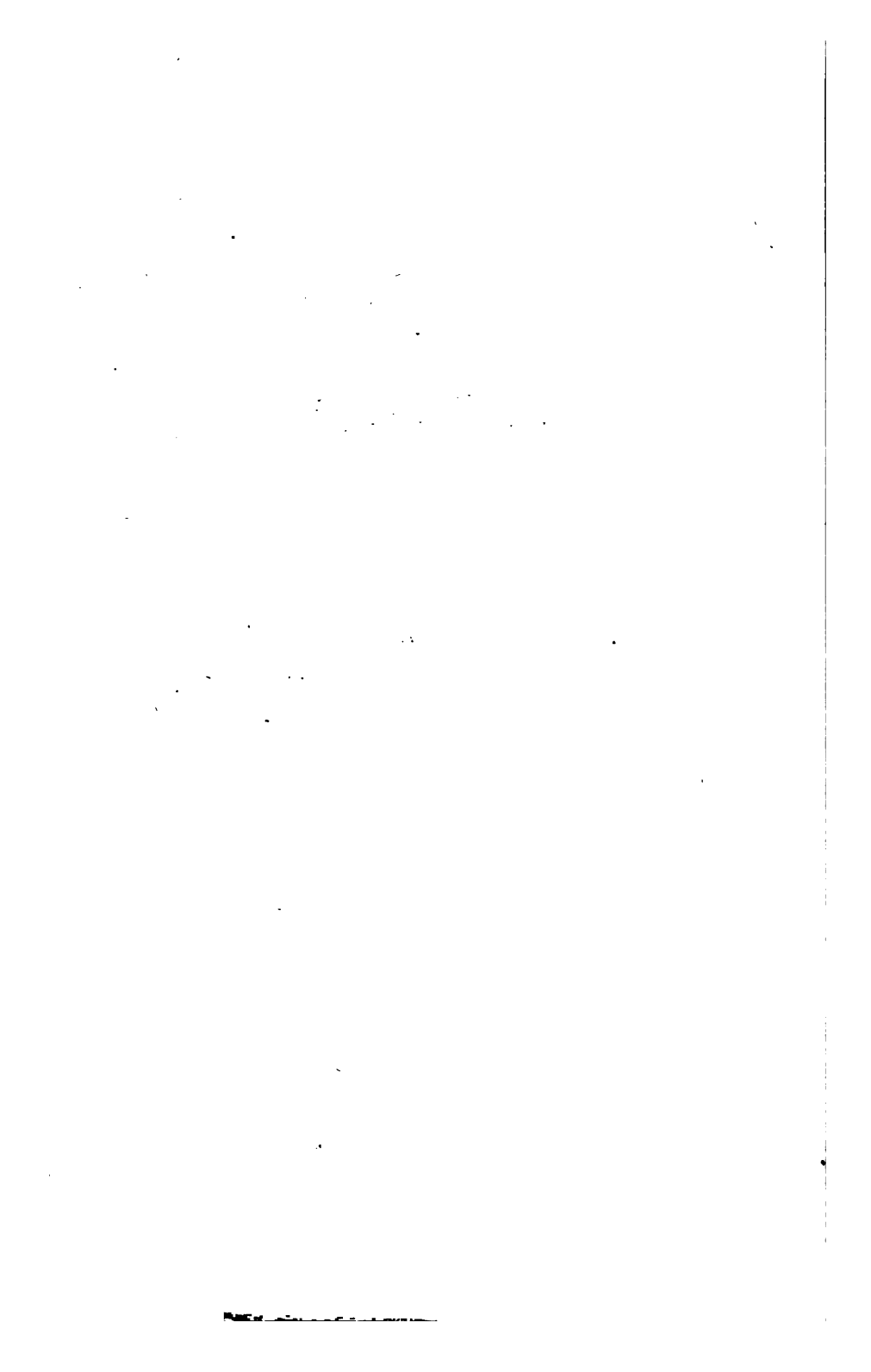
Residing in Bath.



Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

STEARNS TEMPEST

and by Cyp



AN

APOLOGY, &c.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OMITTING all the reasons usually assigned by those who have heretofore attempted to account for the profusion of Irish Absentees found in England, I shall venture upon *new* ground altogether; and leaving political argument aside, give the true reason in a few plain words: it arises from the astonishing **SUPERIORITY** of this country over every other civilized nation upon

the face of the earth. After having said this, I shall commit the task of drawing a comparison between England and Ireland, to some one else, and as much as I can, confine myself to a simple statement of truths in support of my position: on the one hand, avoiding the style of fulsome commendation, and extravagant blandishment with which Mr. Twiss has treated *our* native land; and on the other, steering clear of any thing like the butcherly severity, and cruel sarcasm of Sir John Carr, when writing on the same subject. I admit—for I am compelled to admit—that Mr. Twiss evinces a noble freedom from prejudice, extreme goodness of heart, and great suavity of character; and the Knight, an abundance of Attic wit, vast novelty of remark, much elegance of manner, and a rare spirit of inquiry. But I must confess that bare

Facts, alike remote from adulation and contempt, would have pleased my taste infinitely more. On reading this declaration, you will naturally prepare yourself for Facts only, in what I am about to communicate; and I declare that it is my design to insert nothing of another kind: yet, alas! the most unadorned Picture of a *Perfect Beauty*, will still procure for the Painter, the title of flatterer amongst the ignorant and the envious; and such a fate may possibly be mine.

When I look over my Notes, from the substance of which this Sketch is formed, I perceive indeed that they are all of an encomiastic description; and that I have collected nothing but what is favorable to this mighty people. This, I am aware, will give to my work, the colour of an *eulogium*, rather than

of an impartial history of English manners; and such, if you think fit, you may call it. Every thing praiseworthy in England, you will not find here; but for all I have inserted, you may depend on my fidelity; and should this account prove, upon the whole, very panegyric, as hinted above, it will the better suit your turn of mind, as I allow it does my own: we are both what are usually termed *good-natured* men, fond of looking on the pleasing side of every object presented to us, and mutually foes to that acrimony of disposition which delights in discovering imperfection, and in hunting out and exposing to hatred or derision, the faults and foibles of one's fellow-creatures. We have also, I know, invariably felt ourselves disgusted by a certain practice, too common in our time; I mean a habit some indulge in, of embracing

every opportunity that offers, to depreciate one portion of the human race, in order to display in a more brilliant light the merits of another ; a custom particularly observable in what relates to this country and our's : for you must frequently and with pain have noticed the attempts of innumerable scribblers of *Tours, Trips* and *Rambles* in England, to represent that Island as almost in a state of barbarism ; and thus insidiously to exalt our native Ireland, by drawing her portrait in enticing attitudes, and picturesque attire ; by which vile mode of proceeding, national animosities are cherished ; the people of Britain are mortified and abashed by seeing themselves degraded in the eyes of their fellow-subjects ; and the Irish, especially such as have never been in England, rendered haughty and insolent in the notions they entertain of their English

brethren, by being kept in ignorance of the numerous and splendid advantages, moral and physical, which England enjoys over the rest of the world. Against these Incendiaries,—they deserve not a milder name,—I declare war, and am ready courageously to draw my pen; but I will not here follow their bad example; nor shall any thing resembling the language of prejudice disgrace my pages. Of England, it is my intention to detail nothing but what appears justly intitled to applause; while of Irish pre-eminence, as far as it is practicable, I shall modestly be silent.

Several particulars of general notoriety, and in themselves apparently trivial, you will find recorded as you go along: for this my excuse is that the present little work is intended for the perusal of your rustic neigh-

hours, as well as for your own. The
 honest farmers, who dwell in the vicinity
 of your Glebe-House, have need of better
 information concerning this country,
 than what they have already received,
 which, I suspect, has reached them only
 through the reports of such persons as
 labourers who have returned after work-
 ing during one or two harvests in Eng-
 land ; or at best, by means of occasional
 conversations with the private soldiers
 of some marching regiment quartered
 near them ; not always the most acute,
 or enlightened travellers. And indeed
 (with great deference I say it) as to
 yourself, my excellent friend, it is but
 fair to suppose that much of what would
 appear trite and dry to a Rider for an
 English commercial house, or even to
 a London shop-keeper, will be novel to
 you, whose mortal career has been but
 little diversified. I dare conjecture that

since you left the University, you have now and then looked into a Newspaper, and read the Gazetteer: you are, doubtless, acquainted with Hume's and Henry's histories: and, (for I know you are a scholar,) you probably can ascertain the boundaries of Troy, the course of the *Ὁδὸς Θησεΐα*, and the *Via sacra*: and even point out the very spot where the calf was reared whose skin afterwards supplied parchment for the original *Magna Charta*. But be not offended when I observe that of modern *England* you know little or nothing: I can, however, console you by an assurance that when you have read and digested what follows, your case will be advantageously altered, and that you will know a good deal. Excuse my homely style, rely on my veracity, graciously accept of my humble efforts to instruct and amuse, and—read on.

King Charles the second was, it must be allowed, a man of unblemished moral character; but he was also, as many worthy persons often are, a dull, matter-of-fact body, yet it is for this very reason that I select him as my authority, to inform, or remind you, of what he said respecting the climate of this blessed Island; viz: "that it was the best in the world, because in England a man might be in the open air during more days of the year, than he could in any other part of the globe." This, after all, is not happily expressed, but the poor king's meaning may be gathered from it; he intended to say something greatly in favour of English weather, though he has done it clumsily. No words of mine nor indeed of any body else, are adequate to a just description of it; nor shall we ever see one approaching to just, unless Rosa

Matilda, or the author of the " Battles of Talavera " should try it. But as Milton has come nearest to the truth in attempting to describe the climate of Paradise, I must have recourse to him; for there, says the Poet,

—"airs, vernal airs,

Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring."——

This is touched neatly enough for a *Roundhead*, but falls short of the object, when applied to England; as a residence here of twelve months would convince you: The people of this country inhale perpetually such an element as you may imagine that would be, where the gales of Tempe and Arcadia, and the balmy zephyrs of Eden were combined: besides the climate of this

vast Island is the same in every part: in the north of Scotland, and on the mountains of Cumberland and Wales, where one *might* expect cutting blasts, drizzly showers, and a cloudy and tempestuous atmosphere, the traveller is agreeably disappointed by not finding any such vicissitudes. The same is more particularly true of the climate of the Capital; for there it is difficult, if not impossible to determine the season of the year, except by consulting the calendar; and he who walks the streets of London in pursuit of business or recreation, is sure of not being incommoded in Summer, by the heat of scorching pavement, or the stench of fly-blown meat hanging up at the stalls and festering in the sun: nor, in Winter, is he in danger of being be-nighted at noon by fogs, smothered in brown snow, blinded by mud, or drowned in torrents

of dirty rain, as is the case in some countries less befriended by Nature.

Of the soil, and general appearance of Britain, I shall only say, that they are, like the climate, genial, or rather celestial; and refer you, for an accurate description of the face of the Island, to Milton's poem already quoted; and you may depend upon it, that the picturesque features accumulated by the Bard to adorn his scenery, are here realized:

——“crisp'd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearls and sands of Gold:
* * * * *
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art,
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse, on hill and dale and plain.”

These lines are peculiarly illustrative of the country contiguous to the Metropolis, especially of that part

which is embellished by Hounslow-heath, and Brentford, which for landscape beauties are equal to any thing ever imagined by Poet or Painter. (*vide* Frontispiece.)

In mentioning the appearance of England, I must not omit a circumstance which greatly contributes to her scenic charms, and favorably distinguishes several portions of this happy land; I allude to an abundance of marshes, fens and morasses dispersed over it; because you will please to observe, that these are strictly such as I have termed them, and serve merely to gratify the eye, being compounds of water unfit for use, and slime which will not answer for manure or fuel; whilst in Ireland, where the natives have availed themselves of the national prerogative for making mistakes, it

is curious to perceive how they have contrived to pervert the intentions of benevolent Nature, and to deform by a blunder, some of her happiest efforts, by *drying* what was plainly designed to continue *wet*; and turning their morasses, or bogs, into *fire*. It is not difficult to foresee of what consequences *this* Bull will be productive!

With regard to the British constitution, and the mode of administering the government of the realm; they are topics on which I shall be very brief and very cautious, as becomes a writer who is not deeply learned in matters of that sort. The political constitution of England is undoubtedly the best that ever was devised by the wisdom of man for ensuring the happiness of his kind, as will appear manifest when we reflect that it is an object of

envy and admiration to all the rest of the world ; the various nations of which have constantly endeavoured to construct something for themselves in imitation of it, and as constantly failed of success: this was particularly exemplified by the French at the period of their revolt; as well as by the Chinese in their tender and romantic reception of Lord Macartney; for an interesting account of whose embassy to the court of Kien Long, consult the *second* volume of Sir George Staunton's Book, the *first* being employed in describing the Ambassador's voyage. This constitution, of which we are speaking, was originally so wisely framed, and built up of such permanent materials, as to have within it a portion of immutability that bids defiance alike to alteration or decay. Of this, innumerable proofs exist ; but for our purpose it will suffice

to cite a few only. The Saxon intermixture was of a nature too trivial to have introduced either the language, customs or laws of that people; and the same is true of the Norman intruders. Even Henry the Eighth, who is represented (by prejudiced historians indeed,) as a monarch rather inclined to be somewhat self-willed, and a little hasty in his temper, was notoriously intimidated, on all occasions, by the firm and free spirit of his Parliament; so well was this glorious and imperishable constitution then understood. And, not to mention the happy reign of the meek and liberal Mary, Henry's daughter and successor, the renowned Queen Elizabeth was perpetually brow-beaten and over-ruled (as it was fitting she should be,) by her magnanimous commons. The troubles of Charles's time, and their effects corroborate, in the most

lively manner, the fact so often and so proudly asserted by all true Englishmen; the UNCHANGEABLENESS of their justly boasted constitution; in conformity to the principles of which, Charles lost his head, but the *Constitution* survived him; and having withstood the attempts of Cromwell to domineer over the nation by means of the soldiery, came, intact and uncorrupted, into the hands of the religious and sober-minded Son of the *Martyr*, (as the first Charles is termed by the *Whigs*;) and afterwards into those of James the Second, who like a genuine patriot, resigned it without struggle or murmur, to William the Third, of facitious memory; from which day every thing has gone on as smoothly as possible. I say *smoothly*, because the measure of bringing in King William, completely tranquillized the nation, and put an end to all political disputes: the break-

ing lost of two rebellions in England, together with two civil wars in Ireland, and three or four invasions of that country, can hardly be looked upon as exceptions. You will naturally conclude, from some expressions in a former part of this article, that the Parliament, or at least the House of Commons, must be an essential ingredient in the composition of the government under consideration; and assuredly it is such; in so much that several sensible persons believe the national affairs could not well be managed without its help: nor is this surprising, when we remember the general character and qualifications required of those who are the Representatives of the people: none can be admitted to fill the high and important situation of a member of what is termed

the Lower-House, except such as are of incorruptible principles and independent fortunes ; and moreover arrived at years of discretion. It may here be necessary to remark, with regard to the last mentioned requisite,---that an English subject cannot be elected to sit in Parliament until he has attained the age of twenty-one ; the founders of this unparalleled Constitution having sagaciously observed, that gentlemen of twenty-one, not only always possess common sense, but have great experience of life, and are therefore eligible persons to assist in the debates of a Senate.

This is not the proper place to describe the eloquence displayed by the various speakers in the above-mentioned assembly ; a point which I shall reserve, until I come to treat of national

ing but of two rebellions in England, together with two civil wars in Ireland, and three or four invasions of that country, can hardly be looked upon as exceptions.

You will naturally conclude, from some expressions in a former part of this article, that the Parliament, or at least the House of Commons, must be an essential ingredient in the composition of the government under consideration; and assuredly it is such; in much that several sensible persons believe the national affairs could not well be managed without its help: nor is this surprising, when we remember the general character and qualifications

required of those who are the Representatives of the people: none can be admitted to fill the high and important situation of a member of what

the L
f inco
ndent
years o
tessary t
mention
subjec
rliamen
of twenty
alleled
sly obse
one, no
in sense,
life, and
to assist

This is n
be the eloq
us speakers
mblly

the Lower-House, except such as are of incorruptible principles and independent fortunes; and moreover arrived at years of discretion. It may here be necessary to remark, with regard to the mentioned requisite,---that an English subject cannot be elected to sit in Parliament until he has attained the age of twenty-one; the founders of this noble Constitution having successfully observed, that gentlemen of that age, not only always possess a sound sense, but have great experience, and are therefore eligible to assist in the debates of a

This is not the proper place for the eloquence displayed by the speakers in the above-mentioned debate, which I shall not mention.

talent. As for the House of Peers, and ^I ~~a~~ theme still more august—the Sovereign, I shall pass them by altogether; ^{read} ~~from~~ the double motive of fearing to give ^{unfri} ~~umbrage~~ to persons who are in power, and of proving rather tiresome to ~~such~~ ^{as} are not. With respect to the Legislature, ^{diffic} ~~I~~ shall only say that the British people ^{and} are governed by means of a body ~~of~~ ^{an} the laws, astonishingly operative and ~~effica~~ ^{effic}acious; and so remarkably few ^{rich ap} ~~in~~ number, and so free from every kind ^{the} ~~of~~ perplexity, that the meanest capacities; ¹ ~~ties~~ can recollect and comprehend ~~the~~ ^{England} all; and that the lowest member of ~~the~~ ^{the} community, with little trouble, and ^{variab} ~~and~~ a trifling expense of time and money ^{and} ~~may~~ seek redress from them, and ^{revenues} ~~obtain~~ it. ^{a more}

I sincerely hope you ~~will~~ not find me unnecessarily diffuse in w

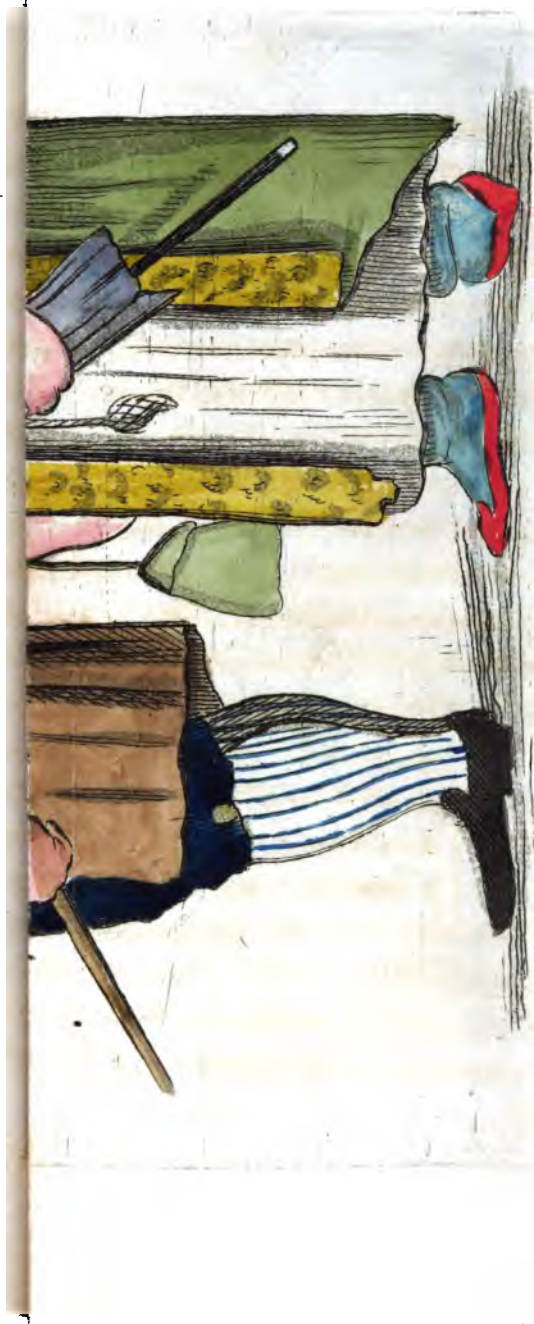
I have delivered upon these nice and momentous subjects, and trust that, as we advance, I shall appear to you and your friends less dry and uninteresting.

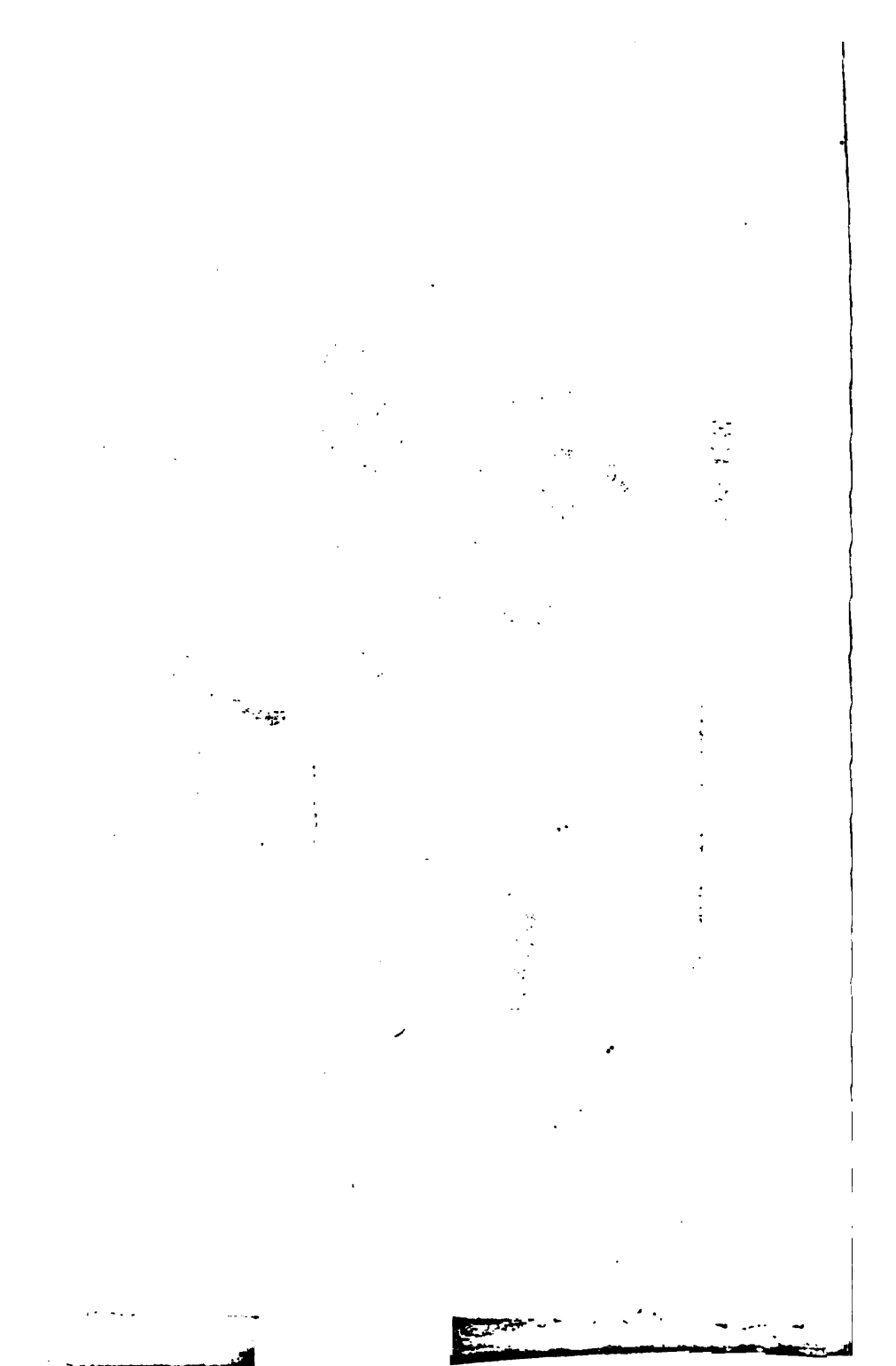
I must next touch—but with due diffidence—on a topic almost as delicate and important as the last-named : I mean the Religious Establishment of England, the unexceptionable nature of which appears from this striking fact ; it is here the received form of all ranks and classes ; for—unlike other countries,—in England there are not any Sectaries. The Bishops, or Chieftains of the Church are invariably chosen from amongst the wisest and best of the clerical body : their revenues are very moderate ; or, to speak more correctly, very small ; their lives are occupied in the exercise of their arduous functions ; in study, abstinence, mortification, meditation and

prayer: and any leisure time they have from these engagements, they devote to inquiring into the morals and abilities of the inferior clergy, who are always promoted accordingly; without regard had to family connexion or Parliamentary interest. These subaltern ministers, however, seldom or never seek for preferment, unless with a view of enlarging the sphere of their professional exertions. This is easily accounted for, because their incomes are more than sufficient to provide them and their families with all the conveniences of life; and they are regularly paid by the State, in order that the dignity of the Priestly character may be properly supported, and to preclude what otherwise might happen, a loss of time, temper and respectability, by their being exposed to altercations with their parishioners. I speak now of such of the clergy

A similar uniformity prevails in the appearance of the British people: in person, they are every where nearly the same; that is to say, tall, muscular, graceful and agile; and their countenances full of expression, and indicative of temperance, urbanity, good humour, and a certain cast of comic archness and wit, which is universal. This prepossessing sameness of exterior is no where more striking than in the Metropolis; the clean and spacious streets of which you may perambulate for many months successively, and never meet with such strange varieties of the human species, as are to be seen on the Continent of Europe, or in the New World. What extraordinary and anomalous personages have I not encountered in the Capitals of other Nations! In Owy-hee, for instance, where I have often amused myself, by watching the passengers, as I stood at a jeweller's door, or sat near

the window of a coffee-house: and it really was entertaining enough to notice the succession of gaits, shapes, and complexions. In London we see no such figures as are quite common elsewhere; no short fellows, with backs and bellies of prodigious breadth and density; with chocolate-coloured wigs and snuff-coloured clothes, carrying canes or umbrellas in their fists, and dulness and defiance in their bloated faces. No little old women, with puckered physiognomies, crimson noses and pink eyes; no long, meagre, pock-frecken, limping, squinting, or red-haired persons of either sex: nor ever by any accident a female of our species, exhibiting a triple chin, a neck of brawn, elbows like Sir John Falstaff's knees, and legs and arms like the supporters of an Elephant.





IN a book which is doubtless in every body's hands, with the catching title of "Glig-Gamena Angel-Deod," the author observes, that "in order to form a just estimate of the character of any particular people, it is absolutely necessary to investigate the sports and pastimes most generally prevalent among them. War, policy, and other contingent circumstances, may effectually place men, at different times, in different points of view; but when we follow them into their retirements, where no disguise is necessary, we are most likely to see them in their true state, and may best judge of their natural dispositions." And some other author says, that "to obtain a thorough knowledge of the character of a people, they should be viewed in the pursuit both of their business, and their pleasures." Each of these is an excellent remark in its way,

and may be properly applied on the present occasion. I shall accordingly consider the English, first, in LONDON, which may be termed their Shop, or place of business; since it must be allowed that in London, a good deal of business of one sort or another is transacted: and next at BATH, a favourite watering-place to which they resort mostly for amusement and repose.

Before I enter on such subjects as the professions, the state of literature, the fine arts, &c. I shall endeavour to give you a sketch of the mighty Capital of the empire; to which, I yet am conscious it is not in my power to do justice.

The trading portion of London, commonly called the City, is very finely laid out for purposes of a commer-

cial nature: the streets are all long and straight, and of breadth in proportion; instead of presenting, as in some foreign cities, a labyrinth of blind courts, crooked alleys, and dirty lanes: and the foot-ways are universally as broad on each side, as the carriage-road in the centre; particularly in Thames-street, and the streets adjoining, where such accommodations are most necessary, because in this quarter there is sometimes a slight degree of bustle. By the bye, the Custom-House in Thames-street, is well worth the attention of strangers, as it excels all other public buildings in architectural beauty; uniting in itself the qualities of Grace, Neatness, and Grandeur. Though it is not my intention to describe the various splendid edifices which adorn this proud Capital, I could not withhold the above humble tribute of applause, due to one

of the most magnificent structures on earth.

The streets not only in the city of London, but likewise in Westminster are kept perfectly clean and free from offensive smells, and admirably well lighted at night: indeed in most of the streets and squares at the western, or fashionable end of the town, this principle of lighting is so much attended to, that rustics on their first arrival, and others not accustomed to the luxury of lamps, of any sort, much less to lamps illuminated by double-burners, are apt to be distracted by the splendor which meets their eyes, and to see nothing near them except the light itself.

In no part of the world are human life, health, and property so secure as in London; a circumstance the

more surprising when we consider its extensive population. But this security is the effect of several wise regulations, and of a numerous and vigilant watch; neither murders nor robberies ever occur; though accounts of such atrocities are occasionally inserted in the public papers by order of the Police, to put people on their guard, and the facts are generally alleged, to have been perpetrated by Irishmen; but this is merely Bow-street wit, and intended as a friendly hint to *Absentees*. Fires are hardly ever known to happen in London; nor can any infectious disease exist where there are laws prohibiting the manufacture of tallow candles, the slaughtering of cattle, and the burial of human bodies, within the precincts of the City. Great attention is here paid to appearance: dyers of cloths, and scourers of blankets, and old garments, are not

suffered to hang out such articles on poles projecting from the upper windows of their houses; nor are shop-keepers allowed to indulge their luxuriant fancies by covering the outsides of their mansions with such monstrosities and inexplicable devices as one sees elsewhere. There is here never an instance of the name and occupation of a trader being so amalgamated, that he who reads, is at a loss to know one from the other; whereas, in foreign Cities, I have frequently seen inscriptions of that kind, painted in genuine antique characters; for example—
BOOT AND BULL SHOEMAKER:
HABERDASHER AND LEG HOSIER.

There are neither thieves nor women of ill-fame in the streets of the British metropolis; so that a man may walk from Cornhill to Charing

Cross, by day or night, without danger to his pocket or person. I have said that fires rarely happen here, and it is strictly true: but even were these calamities more frequent, the inhabitants are scarcely liable to any personal injury; because by an act of Parliament, those who build houses are compelled to construct the stairs in them of stone, or some other incombustible material, that in case of fire the inmates may escape, and save, not only their lives, but much of their goods. Nothing in fact, to speak generally, can exceed the attention shown by the legislature of this incomparable country to ensure safety and convenience to all classes of the community: neither carts nor carriages of any description are permitted to be driven rapidly along the streets or highways, nor do stage-coaches ever break down, by being overloaded con-

trary to the statute; for the English are not content with barely *enacting* wholesome laws, but are also careful to enforce them.

In their manners the English are irresistibly gracious and insinuating, and still more so in the capital than in the country. Let a stranger inquire his way from any mechanic or other person of inferior rank whom he meets, and he will be astonished at the suavity of manner, and polite circumlocution with which the answer is given. But this enticing quality of gentleness, yields to another excellence particularly observable in the Londoners: I mean their universal disinterestedness. The tradespeople of the metropolis absolutely appear regardless of gain; and never betray the smallest symptoms of surliness or cold neglect towards such as examine

their ware, and withdraw without purchasing; nor of alertness or servility in their dealings with those who expend their money profusely. They are, besides, entitled to the highest praise for their treatment, not only of Irish Absentees, but of Foreigners of every description, and under all circumstances; the French especially; who are their natural enemies, and whom they might use a little scurvily, without any imputation on their urbanity: but no such thing: to have the appearance of poverty and the accent or complexion of another country, are, at all times, passports to the goodwill of Englishmen, who are as devoid of prejudices of this kind, as of every other mean and sordid sentiment. This noble cast of mind inherent in a whole people has been remarked by many eminent writers, and is justly to be attributed to the effects

of a long-continued state of civilization, and an extensive intercourse with other regions, operating on the goodly and tractable materials of their national character. The knowledge they have thus obtained of mankind, aided by their quickness of apprehension, may likewise satisfactorily account for some other features by which these heaven-favored islanders are distinguished: such as the indefatigable vivacity, jocund gaiety, bursts of broad humour, and flashes of drollery, which enrich and enliven English society. The softness of voice, and silky smoothness of expression with which an Englishman makes his advances to acquaintance, arise chiefly from his fondness for associating with the fair-sex. An assembly in England, whether in the courtly circles of fashion, or the Ale-House, is considered incomplete without the company of wo-

men: here, therefore one is never shocked by seeing parties of brutalized men, enjoying themselves, as it is termed: that is, talking with all imaginable eagerness and interest, of politics, horse-racing, farming and boxing; sometimes whispering in a low and mysterious tone, and anon rising into vociferous and unintelligible jargon, around a table encumbered with a chaos of glasses, decanters, napkins and nut-shells. Nor amongst the less consequential ranks of British society, is there ever known a nightly place of rendezvous, frequented by a parcel of selfish, sulky boobies; enveloped in a mist of tobacco-smoke, devouring toasted cheese and oysters; and chuckling at the notion of having established, for the celebration of their orgies, a retirement on which no female dares to intrude.

of a long-con-
and an extra
regions, operat
unaccable mate
character. The
thus obtained o:
their quickness
likewise satisfact
other features by
favored islanders are
as the insatiable
gentry, bursts of br
flashes of drollery, wh
Even English society
voire, and silky smo
sion with which an Et
his advances to ac
chiefly from his fondne
with the fair-sex. An
gland, whether in
fashion, or the Ale-Ho
incomplete without the

men:
ed by
enjoyin
that is
eagerne-
racing,
whisperin
and anon
intelligib
cumbered
canters, n
amongst
British sci

nightly pl
by a parce
veloped in
devouring
and chuck
established
orgies, and
dances w

shops, displaying their
Brutus'd heads, gummy
faces; simpering and
ssing and recommend-
s phrase the intrinsic
ts of Ladies' stockings,
arters.

I believe, in a fore-
ted that Temperance
tues of the English.
the most truly tem-
orth; and I desire to

meaning that they not
the vice of ebriety,
much better deserves
than drunkenness.
sterly under the in-
of the vice
are animalistic
the

The wisdom, delicate feelings, and chivalrous refinement of this extraordinary people are also manifested by another peculiarity, too striking to be passed over in a work professedly written for the purpose of showing them to the utmost advantage. What I allude to is, the English custom of employing friendless and unprotected *females*, wherever they can possibly be of use: thus rescuing multitudes of tender and lovely beings from the miseries of want, and the consequent, and still greater wretchedness, of idleness, depravity, self-abhorrence, and despair; and at the same time furnishing the army and navy with serviceable men, who, in more barbarous and worse regulated states, are observed to fill departments better suited to the gentler sex; and are, in the countries pointed at, disgusting and ridiculous objects, as they stand behind the counters, and at

the door-ways of shops, displaying their chalky hands and *Brutus'd* heads, gummy legs, and sleek faces; simpering and ogling; and discussing and recommending in mellifluous phrase the intrinsic and extrinsic merits of Ladies' stockings, gloves, shoes and garters.

I have, I believe, in a foregoing page, insinuated that Temperance was amongst the virtues of the English. They are, perhaps, the most truly temperate people on earth; and I desire to be understood as meaning that they not only abstain from the vice of ebriety, but from one which much better deserves the epithet of *beastly*, than drunkenness, and comes more properly under the denomination of intemperance, viz: the vice of *Eating*. These people are universally abstemious: they, and especially their women of fashion, and children of all

ranks, never eat but two meals in the day, and those the most plain and moderate. They esteem gross feeding an enormity; and hear with detestation of Foreigners (such as the Gentoos, for instance,) consuming vast quantities of soups, tarts, jellies, &c. between breakfast and dinner. A thin, muslin-clad British nymph, who has not, within her, standing-room for the wing of a humming Bird, would be convulsed at the sight of a table in the parlour of an Otaheitan or Hindustanee pastry cook, encircled by half a score of mothers and children, eating mutton pies and supping vermicelli; or, in the season, swallowing strawberries, raspberries and ice-creams; or cutting segments out of an immense round of luke warm beef, or a reeking ham. These practices are indeed the scorn of the English; and this is evinced by there not being any shops for the

sale of pastry and its appurtenances in London. A farther proof of the national moderation in affairs of the stomach, is that their newspapers, which record every thing, give the reader no such nauseous details as disgrace the journals of other countries; of men eating so many pounds of bullock's liver, and drinking so many pots of beer, within a given time: and this for a wager; that the crime of avarice may accompany that of gluttony. I even recollect not long ago seeing in one of their foreign prints, an account of a Bramin who for a trifling bet ate up, at a sitting, a pair of woollen stockings fried with a due quantity of yellow soap.

The English are as remarkable for their humanity in all respects, as they are for the last mentioned virtue:

accordingly amongst them, nothing like cruelty mingles with their amusements ; they never assemble to the number of ten or twelve thousand persons, including females of the highest rank, to witness a boxing-match ; that is, a fight between two naked ruffians, bribed by the prospect of gain, to mangle and contuse one another, until they are unable to continue the battle ; at the termination of which, they are usually carried off the stage, apparently lifeless and blind, covered with clotted blood, dust, and livid spots ; and with countenances so swollen, as not to display a single feature distinctly. They look with equal abhorrence on such barbarous pastimes as poney-matches, horse-racing, pidgeon-shooting, cock-fighting and bull-baiting. The conduct of Parliament some years ago will be ever recorded to the honour of this enlightened people ; when Mr.

Windham, a leading speaker in the house, proposed the passing of an act to prevent, at any future period, the possible introduction of these horrible foreign entertainments into England: the result was an unanimous assent, given, of course, without debate or hesitation; all the members however concurring as to its being a superfluous measure.

Their humanity is apparent in another excellent peculiarity of the English disposition; the decided reluctance ever shown by Government to enter into war, and especially into that which now rages, and has lasted during several years; but in the progress of which, as far as it was practicable so to do, they have constantly displayed the most disinterested views, and conducted hostilities on genuine *christian* principles. You probably will start at

reading the hallowed epithet of Christian in the same sentence which makes mention of war; and be still more amazed on finding that war and Christianity are not considered as incompatible. Whatever my private opinion or yours may be, I must observe to you that by many of the greatest and wisest of this country, they are not thought so; though some eminent men here admit that had Britain carried on the war as other nations have done; had she originally joined with what she supposed the strong party, against what appeared to be the weak one; had she exported gold and arms and emissaries, in order to encourage insurrection and the violation of treaties, and to foment and prolong the strife of blood; had her opulent merchants, instigated by an incompetent and arrogant minister, and allured with hopes of augmenting their

wealth by expected success, united to
 petition the crown for a continuation of
 the war; had Britain rejected with
 contempt repeated offers of Peace from
 her enemy; had she, solely from a ty-
 rannical desire of commercial monopoly,
 and a hope of aggrandizement, con-
 verted one-third of her efficient popu-
 lation into soldiers; and thus contrived
 to spread licentious manners throughout
 her most sequestered villages, and to
 afflict with gangrene the body of the
 common-wealth; had she covered the
 seas of the world with the shadow of her
 fleets, and sent these forth thronged
 with the refuse of the jail, with every
 class of immoral and abandoned repro-
 bate; and told them to fight that they
 might subdue, and to subdue that they
 might plunder; and dignified the in-
 junction by informing these combatants
 that they contended for the honour and

safety of their native land ; had England been actuated by such motives, there are persons who allow that it might perhaps leave some little room for doubt whether England was quite in the right or not.

In respect of natural talents, the English stand unrivalled; and chiefly in the talent of Public speaking; of which the eloquence displayed in the houses of Parliament, in the Pulpit, and at the Bar, are proofs sufficient. Of the House of Commons, indeed, all the members are great orators, and so much caution is employed in the choice of such as are elected to fill this high and honourable station, that it could not well be otherwise: most of them are as celebrated for their wit, as for their virtue, which Cicero says is requisite in an orator; accordingly in the

reports of Parliamentary proceedings, the reader is enraptured by innumerable strokes of pleasantry and felicities of expression on the part of the speakers; and by the truth and quickness with which their brilliancies are noticed, relished, and applauded by the rest of the senatorial body. The words (*a laugh,*) (*violent laughing,*) (*continued roars of laughter*) printed in italics, always imply something irresistibly comical; and doubtless nothing less than what is exquisite in this way, could vanquish the gravity of so many sage and accomplished guardians of the public weal. Luckily I am enabled to illustrate the above remark by a very rich sample of classical, pure and sparkling eloquence, in a passage extracted, verbatim, from a newspaper of the day, distinguished for the fidelity of its columns. The speaker referred to, having for some

minutes delivered his opinion in his accustomed manner, that is, with profound calmness and logical precision, became suddenly animated, and borne away by the energies of his powerful mind, broke forth into the following inimitable strain. " Bless me, Gentlemen, I feel for my King, and my country. I never gave a vote against my conscience; I say it on my oath; now let you who laugh at me, say as much. I never voted against Reform, but, to be sure, that has nothing to say to the present question. It may be ridiculous, Gentlemen, but I say, whoever *rats* now, and runs away, may the honourable person to whom he runs, not receive him; whoever deserts the old King, is the basest of human *beings*, of human *creatures*: I care not whether he be prince or peasant: be *him* prince or peasant *that rats*, I say, *blow him from the earth.*" — What has

the vaunted Demosthenes left to after times like this! Apropos, while we are upon the subject of Parliamentary occurrences, it strikes me that I have it in my power to rescue you and others from a mistake into which the unsuspecting and half-informed might be led by the malignancy of party-misrepresentation. A retainer of the Opposition, in order to cast a reflection on the morals and intellect of a late Minister, (who, though immortal, has been *dead* some years,) thought proper to assert that he, and a bosom friend of his, immortal and dead likewise, made their *entrè* into the House one evening, arm in arm, and intoxicated: and has even carried his scurrility so far as to compose an epigrammatic dialogue, as one that actually took place between these great men, respecting the presence or absence

of the Speaker. This silly production is as follows:—

“ I cannot see the Speaker; Hal, can you?

Not see the Speaker! D——m me, I see *two*,”

Now, first, I have to acquaint you that no such circumstance or conversation occurred; and, secondly—that you may not imagine there are *two* Speakers in the House, I can assure you, upon my reputation, there is only *one*.

With regard to the Oratory of the Bar, it is not in my power to quote any thing so supremely eloquent as what I have just inserted; I shall therefore only state generally that the eminent pleaders in the courts of justice are never hard or dry in their manner of treating the subject in hand; never tedious, never technical; never ungraceful in their action, nor slovenly in their enunciation; that they are unexception-

ably the most fascinating companions to be met with in the social circle; cultivate the *belles lettres* with the happiest success, and are totally exempted from professional stiffness in their appearance and behaviour.

From what has been already insinuated respecting the Clergy, you may conclude that they do not fall short of the last-named learned body in the abilities and acquirements expected from men of their useful and venerable calling. They are mostly persons of genteel birth and finished education; and, even more than the lawyers maintain the credit of the national character for grace and animation in the art of addressing a popular assembly.

To form a perfect judgment of their powers, you must witness them

in their pulpits, particularly on Sunday evenings, in some of the best frequented winter churches of the metropolis; where, instead of seeing two, or three pews occupied by as many old women, labouring under obstinate coughs and barking at each other; and a few old men, sleeping in different corners, and snoring in unison; and in the pulpit above them, an adipose and unctuous personage, with a dull, rotund and rosy visage on which, and close to his nose, a pair of candles discharge all their lustre, while he drawls and snuffles and stumbles through an ill-concerted far-rago, one half stolen from obsolete tracts of divinity, and the rest from the political pamphlets of the day:—instead, I say, of these things, (and there is a country in which such may be found,) you would behold and hear altogether

the reverse, and be constrained to acknowledge that English Preaching is truly all that preaching can be; nor have I the least doubt that if there were in this nation such enthusiasts as swarm elsewhere, they would produce still finer specimens of elocution than the Orators of the establishment.

I am inclined to adopt this opinion, from observing how admirably the genius of this people for public speaking, shows itself in whatever belongs to Dramatic exhibitions. The acting on the British stage is perfection itself; and we should not wonder at this, when we consider of what materials a theatrical audience in England, but more especially in London, is usually composed; where silence and decorum of every kind prevail, and the utmost critical discernment is possessed and

luxuriously feasted than mine has many a time been at Covent-Garden Theatre, where nothing is ever brought out, unless what is in itself faultless, and perfectly well acted, and where indeed nothing else would be endured. At this house, a *new* comedy is a source of rare entertainment ; a just delineation of the foibles of mankind, conveyed in easy language, and unpolluted by puns, sentiments or allusions, written and uttered expressly to flatter the base passions and fantastic opinions of the Great.

The principal performers of the present day are all distinguished for superior talents in their several walks. Were it allowable to praise the chief male Tragedian for any thing *particularly*, I should say that he is remarkable for never being either stiff, slow, monotonous or lazy ; and the celebrated

comic actors are equally free from imperfection. I cannot be expected to name them all, nor to specify their various powers, but shall just mention the excellencies for which a few of the eminent are most admired: Bannister, for the delivery of dignified sentiment; Matthews, for clear articulation; Munden, for keeping within the bounds prescribed to comic nature, and avoiding grimace; Fawcett, for variety of manner, and for never playing one part as he plays another; Incledon, for his polite style of singing, as well as of acting; and amongst the females, Mrs. Jordan, for exhibiting the grave elegance of fashionable life. Yet the Irish affected to speak in very different terms of some of these great theatrical luminaries: they absolutely laughed at Master Betty Roscius; and used to say of Incledon, that he was a mixture of footpad

and boatswain, who *cantered* over his allowance of dialogue, much like the show-man of a menagerie describing his living curiosities; and that of his songs, he generally roared one part, and whistled the rest: such is *Irish* taste!

But besides their discernment in matters connected with the regular Drama, the English possess still more in all that relates to the enchanting science of Music. The Italian Opera in London is most splendidly supported; and the house dedicated to that amusement is, upon a *full* night, a noble object of contemplation. The performers at this theatre are a singularly industrious, innocent and respectable class of people, and as proverbial for their rigid morality, as the Operas presented are for delicacy, and good sense. The audiences consist entirely of native British

and Irish *cognoscenti*, and these the most venerable and enlightened members of the community, to the total exclusion of needy foreign sharpers, women of intrigue, and fashionable idlers of either sex.

But to form a competent notion of English greatness, we must contemplate the state of literature in this country; a subject which demands a more minute examination than it is in my power to give it. Even those diurnal productions, the Newspapers of London, afford a most entertaining, instructive, and faithful picture of the public mind. Although many in number, they are nearly of equal celebrity; yet, without wishing to disparage any, I believe I may venture to say that the *Morning-Post* is in highest estimation for the pure style and patriotic spirit of

its political department, and the matchless beauty of its poetical articles: the *Courier*, little inferior to it in these respects, is still more admired for the excellence of its *print*. But that I may not appear partial from what I have just insinuated, and to let you more into the spirit of these ephemeral performances, I shall here give you a few extracts from the *Morning-Chronicle*, a paper somewhat different in principle from those before named, by which you will obtain a view of the pleasant and sportive hostility *affected* by Opposition. Prints towards such as are supposed to be in the interest of Government, and its adherents. The following, however various the subjects treated of, are thought to be all from one pen.

To the Editor of the Morning-Chronicle.

SIR,

Yesterday evening, having taken my usual place in a much frequented public room, not far from Covent-Garden, I was a good deal amused by the conversation of the surrounding company, which consisted of more than twenty persons of different ages, and apparently such as are commonly called Gentlemen : that is to say, Lawyers' clerks, shopkeepers, naval and military men on half-pay, a squire or two from the country, some five or six collectors of intelligence for the daily Papers, and a few of such as are said to live by their *Wits*. Among the latter, Mr. Editor, I class myself; and could you behold my threadbare coat and

meagre limbs, you would scarcely dispute my title to the rank I assume.

At my entrance, and while I remained, a most astonishing variety of topics underwent discussion at one and the same time, in voices equally loud, and each speaker seemingly addressing his observations to all the rest.

This reminded me of a very jocose paper in some part of Goldsmith's works, and suggested the thought of supplying your numerous readers with as accurate a report of this instructive *conversazione*, as I can, in the humble hope, not only of contributing to their entertainment, but of transmitting to future generations (through the medium of a paper which will surely reach their hands,) a sketch of the leading subjects

that at present engage our attention in the Capital of this enlightened country.

“ Upon *my*—sole and oyster sauce—I cannot possibly conceive—Catalani be d—d—a brown bitch lost—and a bad peace, which is worse than no peace at all——Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning and Mr. Perceval—three th an union of virtue—castile soap—bad grammar, and—Tal—Talleyrand—the Devil on two sticks—written by—Sir Richard Phi—who never eats any thing except—pale ink and bluish paper—with mustard and a *leetle* cayenne—Sir William Curtis—sailed—in a basin of turtle soup—like the man in the play—shadowed with laurels—of which, to my certain knowledge, there are two kinds—in the island of Walcheren—cursed hard running—a famous cure for a bone spavin—Lord Wellington—look in the

racing Calendar—neck and neck—by
 the lord Harry—from Talavera—at the
 wrong side of the—Morning Post—and
 Mrs. Clarke turned tail—on—at least
 one half of the officers of the Guards—
 His Royal Highness—never struck a
 stroke—stakes down—will not do—the
 scene of the highwayman—when Lord
 Chatham came back—got in at Pit-price
 —with his fingers in his mouth—along
 Pall Mall—and nothing but cries of off,
 off, off—turn him out—poor Mrs. Liston
 —as broad as its long—sound sense in
 the King's—a pretty period to talk of
 Merino sheep—with brown hats on—
 pantaloons and pipes in their mouths—
 Bonaparte will play hell with—such a
 Cabinet—of curiosities—fools—and an
 army of—pickpockets—Heaven deliver
 us from—Ministers—and the Property
 tax.”

If you like this specimen and
will please to insert it, you shall have
more another time from

PETER PUNCH.

Swan-Tavern,
near St. Martin's-lane,
Sept. 20, 1809

To the Editor of the Morning-Chronicle.

SIR,

I request you will be so kind to me and to yourself, as to give a speedy insertion in your paper, to the following wonderful Predictions: if you do, you must be aware that the prophetic character will become a sort of joint property, and be shared almost equally between us.

Unless I am very much mistaken indeed, the Morning-Post of next Thursday, will contain an undue proportion of servility, false grammar, execrable puns, and verses too *tender* to live long.

The Baron de G——b will be seen driving through the streets after his own whiskers, and Mr. Romeo Coates after his *poultry*.

The Thames will be actually wringing wet ; and the pavement of Pall-Mall will be in many places as hard as stones.

Multitudes who appeared abroad on the preceding day, elegantly clothed and in charming spirits, will, on the fatal morning of Thursday, behold themselves poor, bare, forked animals, nearly naked and their eyes half closed ; while their mouths, hideously distended, will utter a sort of puling dissonance, between a howl and a groan.

There will that day, about noon, be a great noise throughout London ; before sun-set, an enormous quantity of blood will be shed ; and by twelve o'clock that night, two-thirds of the population of this great and ancient City will be laid low.

NEMO.

Swan-Tavern, Sept. 1811.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—To SOPHIA.

And was that kiss a parting kiss,
 And was that sigh a parting sigh;
 And shall my woe-devoted head
 No more on that soft bosom lie!

Shall we no more with arms entwin'd
 Stray fondly over hill and dale;
 Nor tread again the green-wood path,
 Nor taste the moonlight in the vale?

No more? for ever then farewell!
 The victim of disgrace and sorrow,
 The Teivil take me but I will
 Cut bodth mine whishkers off to-
 morrow.

THE BARON DE G*.

Aug. 1811.

* The illustrious Baron is supposed to be also one
 of the versifiers on the establishment of the Morning

Morning-Chronicle.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AIR—"Twas when the Seas were roaring."

Twas when a new election
 Was coming round again,
 Poor in dejection
 With tears express'd his pain.

From Dublin o'er the ocean,
 He cast a wistful look;
 And with acute emotion,
 Address'd the herring-brook:

Post, but occasionally gratifies the Public through other Channels. Note.—This sublime Baron has, since the Poetry was written, left England and proceeded on his travels.

Some years are gone and over,
 In blunder-making lost,
 Since I, a luckless rover,
 Forsok my native coast.

Cease, cease, thou cruel fluid,
 And let a *Placeman* rest;
 Or wash—if you can do it—
 Remembrance from my breast.

My tongue I wag no longer,
 No Naval news indite:—
 An ousted Borough-monger,
 Is but a sorry sight!

No minister will ever find,
 In Dublin town, or Cork,
 My equal of the turnspit-kind
 To do his filthy work.

How can they say that *Natre*,
 Gave me a sterile brain?

For tho' a tiresome prater,
 I did not prate in vain:

When Royalty was peck'd at,
 Did I refuse to bark?
 And was not I selected
 To worry Mrs. Clarke?

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd he for his seat;
 No consolation spying,
 And scarce a meal to eat:

When as a kind assuager
 Of this his mighty grief,
 The thought of turning Gauger,
 Afforded him relief.

August, 1811.

For the Morning Chronicle.

CROSS READINGS.

Actually collected from a London Morning Paper,
of Saturday, Sept. 16, 1810.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg leave to offer myself as a candidate for the—part of Bombastes Furioso, to which will be added the farce of *Killing no Murder*—in defiance of the sanguinary proclamation of that cut-throat Mas-sena; in consequence of which Lord Castlereagh—*alias* Fogo, was brought up under a charge of the worst description; amongst other acts of this abandoned Depredator—the ACT of LEGIS-

LATIVE UNION may be classed with the greatest calamities ever inflicted on a nation.—The newly invented patent water-closet totally precludes the necessity of using—paper of every kind, for which, in a moment of need, rough and heavy dollars are certainly a very inconvenient substitute.—Yesterday his Grace of Q. so well known in the annals of gallantry—suddenly left his disconsolate friends; he is a very athletic, well-built, black bearded man, with a glowing complexion, and in the prime of life—a remarkably long tail, and his breed much admired; whoever will bring him to—such Ladies as are in the habit of wearing stays, or corsets.—No. 24,753 at Hornsby's lucky office; will, in all probability be made easy for life; and the immediate result be, at least—three boys and a girl, who, with the mother,

are likely to do—all the mischief they possibly can, to the country which gave them birth.—Bajazet's depilatory is strongly recommended for the removal of superfluous hairs——Pheasants and black game on the low grounds in the vicinity of——the Brazils, where the Prince Regent of Portugal is now employed in contriving—accommodation for persons whose circumstances require temporary retirement, whose honor and seceresy may be depended on. The Talents and the Virtues of our present Ministers are as undeniable, as the—perpetual cries of “*Off, off; turn 'em out,*” and no sooner were the words, “*This is all as it should be,*” pronounced, than they were answered with shouts of “*I'll be d—d if we think so,*”—The Burdett party may have recourse to scandal and *double entendre*,

but what is their feeble show of opposition to the—show of sheep last Tuesday—when the buyers were *fleeced* of all their ill-acquired gains, and might have exclaimed with Gil Blas “*sic vos non vobis,*” &c.—for according to the old saying, “they went out to look for *wool*; and came home shorn”——

Swan Tavern, near St. Martin's-lane.

To the Editor of the Morning-Chronicle.

SIR,

I have, for a long time, suffered greatly by the injustice of mankind : crimes and follies have been alleged against me by the very persons who asserted my innocence and my wisdom ; and the reward of approbation has been withheld by those who, in the same breath, have confessed that my conduct was meritorious. Permit me humbly to state a few of the grievances I have thus far patiently endured ; and while you, Sir, cannot fail to observe the strange and ludicrous perplexity in which those who make free with my name, are constantly involved, you will, I am convinced, feel disposed to allow that I am an object of compassion, and, at least, do me the favour to represent my case to the public, by giving this

address a place in one of the columns of your valuable journal.

So various are the charges brought against me, and so numerous the instances of neglect and malignity I have experienced, that I must resign all idea of methodical arrangement in drawing up this appeal, and rely on your candour to forgive the confused and desultory air which my letter must necessarily assume. Without farther preface I proceed to inform you that I stand accused:—

Of being in the secrets of Bonaparte, and of knowing what he will do *next*.

Of admiring the style and sentiments of the Courier, and Morning-Post; and the *Poetry* of Mr. Dimond of Bath, &c.

Of believing that the Duke de Cadore *did* write what has been published in his name.

Of thinking that Bank of England Notes are *not* depreciated in value.

Of wishing the ruin of this great and energetic nation ; and victory to her enemies.

Of having personal acquaintance with the Devil, and a violent desire to go to him.

Of reading every thing written by Charlotte Dacres, Lord Valentia, Mister Thomas Hope, the Archdeacon of Sarum, Joanna Southcote, Sir Richard Phillips, and Mr. W. Spenser.

Of writing a better Poem
than Milton's immortal Epic, verses
worse than those of Haley, Bowles, or
Lord Strangford, and prose as bad as
Pratt's, or that of the Editor of the
Satirist.

Of having heard Doctor
Duigenan make a polite speech in
favour of *toleration*, and Mr. Secretary
C..... a good one on any occasion.

Of being dead and alive, at
the same moment.

Of wishing the failure of the
Petition for Catholic Emancipation.

Of going to the country,
when no one goes there; and staying
in town, when every one has left it.

Of being more corpulent than the late Mr. Daniel Lambert, and as thin as the edge of a razor.

Of bearing what is intolerable; keeping my temper when out of humour, and being silent whenever I speak!

It is, Sir, by no means unusual to hear a fellow swear that I can swim on dry land, pay my debts without money, and eat, at one meal, twice as much pudding as I can get.

I am said to have more wit and genius than Mr. Sheridan, and also to be as thick-headed as Earl C , or the Marquis of S.

It is, at one and the same time, averred that I look more like a

Tom Cato than the **Baron de G**,
and yet that with a bull-face and bandy
legs, I am genteel and handsome.

I am acknowledged by several to excel **Kemble** in playing the characters of **Shakspeare**, and to sing better than **Catalani**; and notwithstanding, it is asserted that I have a worse conception of chaste acting than **Liston**, and such a knife-grinder's voice as **Taylor**.

I am also said to be in two places at once; and to be exceedingly partial to the present incomparable Administration. Not to encroach too much on your indulgence, I shall, for the present, take my leave; assuring you, Sir, that the writer of this is infinitely more a friend to you than to himself! **NOBODY.**

Swan-Twoth, near **St. Martin's-lane**. **London**.
Aug. 1811.

In ascending from the consideration of Newspapers, to that of Books, it will not be expected that I should particularize all the eminent works of the present fertile period, which indeed are too numerous even to be counted: the Monthly and Quarterly Reviews must be referred to as the safest guides in these paths of research; conducted on principles of the utmost liberality, and displaying nothing but disinterested criticism, and profound erudition, these works do honour to British genius. Two or three of these productions especially deserve attention: the Edinburgh Review is remarkable for the gentleness of its strictures, and the modesty which is conspicuous in its pages; and still more for not containing any irrelevant matter, nor any long, sapless, and wearisome treatises, introduced to swell the volume, and

show off the learning of those who *read* and write for it. The Antijacobin Review is distinguished for its freedom from party-bias, as the Title proves, because political partialities or prejudices have no connection with questions of literature. Nor must I omit the Scourge and the Satirist: monthly performances totally devoid of vulgar acidity, personal abuse, indelicacy of phrase, and coarse, ungrammatical style.

In speaking of literary excellence, it may be thought natural that I should insert the names at least of some of the great living Authors, whose labours at this hour amuse and enlighten their fellow-citizens. I tremble at the notion of doing this, however sparingly, through fear of giving pain to such as I should neglect to notice; and to de-

signate them all is impossible. Nevertheless let not your national vanity take the alarm, if I tell you that I could point out a constellation of modern British writers, whose splendor would dazzle you, and in the brilliancy of whose radiance, the combined light of *Irish* wit for a century past, would look faint and dim, as the stars in the presence of the rising Sun. Ireland boasts (and boasts sufficiently) of Swift, and Steele, and Farquhar; of Goldsmith the Poet, and Barry the Tragedian, and Barry the Historical Painter; of Edmund Burke, and Richard Sheridan; of Grattan, and Curran, and Thomas Moore: but, mark the liberality of *this* country; England makes these very men (aliens as they are) the subjects of her pride and exultation likewise, and on all occasions, kindly allows them to pass for her own, and to rank as *English*.

classics! Yet what are these when put in comparison with the authors of *Essays on Bullion*, and on paper currency; of the art of *Cookery*, (a work which in this temperate or rather abstemious nation has run through two hundred and forty Editions,) of the *Life of Lord Nelson*, on Elephant paper; of the *travels of Knights, Baronets, and Peers*; of the *Poems of Honourables and Right Honourables*; of all the *Triumphs, and Curses, and Sorrows, and Pains, and Tears, and Pleasures, of Madoc, and the Butterfly's Ball, and the Lady of the Lake, &c. &c. &c.*

And this brings me to consider another feature of English superiority; namely, the encouragement afforded here to literary genius by the prevailing modes of Education; and the attention paid by the legislature to

the quality of such publications as are vended by the booksellers in Leaden-hall-street, Paternoster-row, Pall-Mall, and elsewhere, or hired by the keepers of Circulating libraries. With respect to the first mentioned cause of the propensity of this people to literature, and their pre-eminence therein over all the world,—the system of education pursued, it is indisputably the best ever framed or acted upon both for the purpose of Instruction, and the preservation of Morals. No such establishments here exist as Public boarding schools, each containing two or three hundred boys, who at the expense of an enormous sum of money, in five years, acquire nothing but the arts of boxing, cricket-playing, and writing nonsense in latin hexameters; and becoming mature in debauchery before their growth is half-finished, proceed to a school of a larger

description, called elsewhere an University, and there waste four additional years of life, in riding hacks and driving *Tandems*; doing *juraments* and *Generals*; reading *Wall-lectures*; drinking sloe-juice, walking the streets, cheating their tailors, ridiculing their tutors, and finally entering the world, in the characters of Members of the Senate, Militia Captains, drunken Squires, or sporting Rectors.

Neither in England are there any Seminaries for female youth, to which girls are despatched at nine or ten years of age, and where they are detained until seventeen or eighteen, that their indolent and voluptuous mothers may have more leisure for their own licentious pursuits, while their daughters learn to dance badly, to understand Botany, to dawb velvet and velvet with black-beetles, wreathed

shells, and cabbage roses; to talk, fitbily, is corrupt French, and mowl Italian nonsense over a *Piano!* I here cannot resist the opportunity of presenting you with a copy of part of a letter from one of these thorough bred female botanists to another of her own class: it got abroad, I know not how, and excited much laughter amongst these high minded and rational English. The accomplished writer is (I believe) describing to her Correspondent, the *Magnolia*, and, (as she herself expresses it) in the plainest terms she could find.

"You must understand, my sweet
Prissy, that these are all *Polyandria*
Polygria, and are placed in the
natural order of *coodunatae*. To

generic character they all agree: the calyx has a three leaved perianth, the leaflets are deciduous, petal shaped, ovate and concave: there are nine petals in the corolla, these are oblong, concave and narrowed at their insertion; the filaments are numerous in the stamens; these are short and acuminate, compassed and inserted below the germs into the common receptacle of the pistils on the

margin of the filaments on each side, the anthers are fastened, and these are linear; the pistil contains many ovate, oblong germs, which are two-celled, and cover a club-shaped receptacle. The styles which are extremely short, are contorted and recurved. The stigmas are villous, and longitudinal of the style. The pericarp has an ovate strobile, covered with compressed capules, which are

roundish in form, slightly imbricate, clustered and acute; they are also permanent, and are one-celled and two-valved, sessile and opening outward. The seeds are irregular either two or one; in shape they are roundish, and hang by a thread from the seams of each side of the strobile."

And yet this is what those foreign barbarians called *simple* definition! Were the English plan of education any thing like the above, is it to be imagined that the wealthy Irish Absentees would

reside as they do in this country, in order to superintend the mental improvement of their offspring, and be ambitious of having their children brought up here, and trained to resemble, as much as possible, this elegant people?

I have before intimated that the love of letters is, in England, a sort of universal passion; and this is strictly true. Cheap and correct editions of useful, and none but useful works, are perpetually coming forth: the general good sense of the people here would treat with disdain the idea of encouraging the printing and re-printing of costly volumes, the absurd and grotesque productions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; stuffed with fearful impressions of the engravings on wood,

executed in the infancy of the art: something like this—



or fooleries of a similar kind; expensive baubles to amuse *great* children, thrown off in *tall* copies, and *short* copies, on royal and super-royal paper; in order to gratify the prurient and sickly fancies of old dotards and young simpletons of ample fortunes, and per-

verted minds; and infinitely detrimental to the diffusion of applicable learning in a state. Neither have they in England what are called in foreign parts, Circulating Libraries; institutions calculated to spread vice and absurdity through all ranks; and from which mental poison is hired out by the penny worth, in the form of Novels and Romances. This pure and dignified race of mankind would combine to abolish such pernicious establishments, and punish the proprietors, as felons of the worst class. This laudable delicacy on their part, applies peculiarly to the city I am now about to speak of; for I promised, you may recollect, to take a view of this nation in what we may term its holiday dress—as it appears in one of the many places of fashionable resort, frequented by the gay and opulent: and I fix my choice

on Bath for several reasons; chiefly because it is there that not only the English votaries of pleasures, but also the IRISH ABSENTÉES may be said to flourish and abound.

To describe this lovely town, this modern Athens, this true centre of taste and sound sense, this region of rationality, in adequate language, would require more time than I can command, and more talents than I pretend to; I shall therefore decline the attempt, and venture little more than a rude outline.

The city of Bath affords a rich subject to the contemplative mind: it contains within it, perhaps, the most polished, energetic and industrious assemblage of human creatures that ever existed; sanity of body and of intellect seems there to be the portion of all,

whether resident or visitant; and this is so true, that in Bath a Physician could not earn his bread: of the faculty, regular or irregular, there are indeed but few in England; in Bath there are none.

It is needless to remark that nothing can be more frivolous and mischievous than the habit which some people have of speaking or writing ironically: this is known by the term of *quizzing*, and by shallow persons has been deemed a species of harmless jocularity; but I can produce one instance of a most melancholy catastrophe resulting from it, which deprived the world of a worthy citizen, and myself of a very valuable friend. Poor Mr. Twaddle was a kindly and well-meaning man, but was apt to understand every thing *literally*. He found himself threatened with gouty complaints,

and beset by *blue devils* while in London, and had resolved on proceeding to Bath in hopes of relief from both maladies, when unluckily for him and his acquaintances, he encountered in a coffee house, one of these professed QUIZZERS; a wag who could tell the most incredible stories with the most immovable gravity of aspect, and all the appearance of a man speaking truth: filling up his details with minute circumstances, hesitating as if to recollect himself, hoping he should not be led to say too much, and rectifying points in his narrative of a trivial nature, and where correction seemed superfluous and accuracy useless.

To this ADEPT, who had been for many years a notorious Bath loungee, my poor friend communicated his project of a visit to that delicious

place ; and in return for his confidence, received from him such an account of it, as I shall forthwith give you almost in his very words: the consequence, however, of his *figurative* wit was, that the hapless Twaddle not comprehending the jest, swallowed all he heard with eager credulity, revoked his design of retiring to Bladud's springs, and died at his apartments in Great Russel-street. The tenth part of the information with which he was gratified, by the *Hoaxer* alluded to, would, it must be allowed, have been sufficient to deter any puny hypochondriac that ever breathed, from seeking in Bath, either medical relief for his body, or amusement for his mind: it was to the following effect, and, I need scarcely tell you, should have been understood as a complete piece of *Irony*, from first to last.

“ To commence with its exterior, the City of Bath is, as an eloquent Irish Peer of former days said of a very different place, all acclivity and declivity, with hardly the intervention of a horizontal plain as large as a dining table: its fine modern buildings are cold and cheerless, and its old tenements a collection of black, tottering and unsightly hovels ; some of the streets so wide, as to invite every storm that blows; and others so narrow and so nasty, that a walking passenger who has one foot on the pathway, must submit to have the other in the mire. A person attempting to take the air in the *genteel* districts of the town, must likewise, at all times, take in at his mouth, eyes and nostrils, as much of the contents of dust-carts as those apertures of his face can admit ; which to an invalid might be as objectionable as some other cir-

cumstances in the economy of Bath streets; such as the distracting screams of young thieves disguised as sand-boys; the dreadful and discordant bellowing of a certain vender of *Brown-Georges*; having the flesh of his heels scraped off by the wheels of innumerable Bakers' barrows, and his nerves jarred by the rattling of those machines, perpetually hunting him in whatever direction he may take; being knocked down, or at least receiving a broken shin from the assaults of sedan-chairmen, constantly trotting past with their burdens; or from the drivers or drawers of wheel-chairs, chasing and meeting him at every turn; or, should he escape these, being jostled aside or upset by files of *neddies* loaded with sacks of coal. The countless butchers' shops in almost all parts of the town are sickening exhibitions of the fat and bloody carcasses of nearly

every sort of beast and fowl conspicuously hung out to lure the bilious, paralytic, mangy and gor-bellied gluttons, who stand near them in groupes, coquetting with larded poultry, sides of beef, legs of pork, loins of mutton, and haunches of venison.

The inhabitants of this place are composed of three distinct descriptions of persons : the natives, the wealthy residents, and visiters in the season. The first, a tribe of the most unprincipled and shameless rogues on earth, who pillage without mercy or remorse the imbecile and infirm among the upper classes of strangers coming to their town; robbing them under the various pretences of accominodating them with lodging, food, elegant luxuries, medical assistance and rational entertainments, and in fact supplying

them, at an enormous expense, (though apparently on moderate terms) with badly furnished lodgings or entire houses; indifferent or unwholesome provisions, tawdry and ill-manufactured articles of dress, pernicious, or at best, useless drugs called *medicines*, administered by ignorant and impudent empirics, called *Physicians*; and with public amusements which are such only to the knavish conductors of them, who sneer at the dupes by whom they gain their livelihood.

The second class comprises the opulent owners of houses in the *grand* parts of the town, and consists of incredible number of fools of both sexes: rouged and wrinkled Dowagers, illiterate, diseased, peevish and depraved adventurers from either India, hypocritical, lazy, gormandizing Beneficed

clergy; middle-aged females of more than tainted reputations, styling themselves women of family; old male marauders, married as well as unmarried, to whom the keepers of gaming tables, the wine-merchants, the quacks, and the prostitutes of Bath owe their support; and—though last, by no means least—a strong corps of *Irish*; estated men, members of Parliament, &c. who drain their native country of its money; and pretend to fortunes six times greater than they possess; to Genealogies which they invent; and to Education, though hardly able to write their names; who, in a *double* sense, calumniate the land that gave them birth, by asserting themselves to be *Irish Gentry*, and appearing as travelling *Libels* on the luckless soil that produced them; to which, however, they certainly make the best compensation in their power by living away from

it, The mode of passing time amongst these persons, may be conjectured from their characters ; their hours are devoted to talking scandal of each other, *trying* to read Novels, rolling about in their chariots ; wasting money (for the benefit of Auctioneers, fixed and itinerant, who rob and laugh at them at the same moment ;) in the purchase of damaged furniture, dawbs on canvas, broken china, glittering trinkets, stuffed mon-kies, and paroquets : plundering one another at cards, feeding and guzzling at their respective homes, and frequenting what are depominated places of Holy Worship, *elegantly* fitted up, with velvet cushions, warm stoves, and gorgeous curtains ; and *affecting* to think themselves on the high road to Heaven's gate, because they bestow a few annual pounds in ostentatious subscriptions to seeming charities, and have listened

with dulcified aspects once a week to a *polite* preacher of their own especial choosing ; a dear, soft spoken man, with rosy nails, snowy hands, and powdered pate, who whispers for twenty minutes an *Olio* of mawkish truisms, sprinkled over with drawing-room phraseology, and a little lively abuse of Democrats, and Bonaparte.

A Bath ball, particularly on *Thursday* evenings, calls together these Grantees, as well as multitudes of a lower degree ; and displays scenes which would require a pencil as *pointed* as that of Hogarth or Gilray, to describe, and a pen as *sharp* as Churchill's or Crabbes, to expose sufficiently. The apartments for card-playing and dancing are under the same ample roof : in the first, the exhibition is even more curious than in the dancing room, and

almost as disgusting; for here, beneath the lustre of candles which shed a light as brilliant as the day, may be seen fifty or three-score of either sex, seated at different tables; in silence eyeing each other with mutual, and well merited scowls of mistrust; and exerting such faculties as age and distempers have left them, to practise deception and to escape it: this card-room, in short, on a crowded evening, includes within its walls as much human vice as Newgate, as much bodily disease as a London hospital, as much folly as Bedlam, and as much vulgarity as Wapping. This is likewise a most exact description of the elements whereof the Ball is composed; for there, although many hundreds meet, those who can boast of youth, soundness and agility are not by any means as numerous as the crippled, decrepit and superannuated, who, from

various motives, flock to this amusement; induced by a wish to escape from home and its chagrins, to promote or prevent marriages, to talk scandal and scurility, pursue plans of intrigue, &c. &c. while the less inactive, under pretence of enjoying the harmless pastime of dancing, are in any state rather than a state of enjoyment or *innocent* occupation: the females being designedly as nearly naked as they *dare*, and in the language and behaviour which pass between them and their partners more rank, more nauseous than it is possible for the *uninitiated* to imagine. Wherever *design* is concerned, the human creature, like the brute, becomes serious; accordingly, the general expression of countenance, amongst the dancers, is exceedingly dull and formal; the women being engaged in plotting to raise the amorous or the avaricious

passions of the men, and by imposing themselves on them as beauties and heiresses, with the aid of cosmetics, tight lacing, curled wigs, fantastic robes, and paste ornaments, to snap them up for husbands. And the men, unless such as are elevated with wine, are rendered grave by similar plottings on their part: those whom indulgence in the glass has thrown off their guard, use such license of speech and hand as would hardly be endured elsewhere—even in the bagnios of a civilized country ; yet *here* are not only permitted, but excited by the conduct of the elders who surround them, and who have their private views to answer.

The superintendant of this select and moral society, is styled the Master of the Ceremonies, who, richly attired, moves about with all the solemn

pomp of a Chinese Mandarin; and with lordly tone,—with the air of a statesman arranging the commencement of hostilities, or the etiquette of a continental peace, directs “some half dozen” of screaming fiddlers seated in a gallery aloft, to change the tune they are scraping from “*Sir David Hunter Blair*,” to “*Drops of Brandy!*” This mock Potentate was formerly obliged to issue certain *seasonable* acknowledgments for contributions to his Benefit:—I have an old specimen of one in my pocket:—

“ *Mr. T. has the Honour to present his respectful Compliments to Mr. Noodle, and begs leave to return many thanks for*

His very obliging attention.”

There! Did ever the language of ceremonial go beyond this? Mr. T. esteems himself honored in being allowed to be respectful; and, moreover, craves permission to take the liberty of being thankful!

Bath has two other assembly rooms, and two other Masters of her revels; copies of the first, and not worth enlarging on. But we have not yet completed our view of the Worthies of this precious city: the *third* class still remains to be described; the full description, however, must, in parliamentary phrase, stand over to a future day: the fifty heads of the fabled Briareus, with a tongue in each, would be requisite to do the subject any sort of justice: from one poor, unassisted organ of speech, therefore, nothing adequate can be expected. But—imagine, if you

can, what species of social congress must arise from an influx of, perhaps, two thousand persons in the Season, of every order from that of *roi disant* Gentry, to that of Mendicants; and—to begin with the Irish—all passing under fictitious titles. Degraded ecclesiastics and military, appearing as sickly scholars and veterans worn out by foreign climates, or disabled by honourable wounds: spungers and petty gamblers, expelled from their hiding holes in London and elsewhere, skulking from their creditors, and the Bow-street runners, and styling themselves young gentlemen of INDEPENDENT fortunes; and very justly, as they do not depend upon any thing that I know of: fraudulent bankrupts, runaway subalterns of militia, Barristers without briefs, or dwelling-places; Attornies and Attor-
dies' Clerks, with their frouzy wives,

slammekin daughters, &c. &c. &c. a shoal of miscreants ejected from their indignant country, where they could find neither respect nor society, sneaking off to parlours and garrets in this town we are speaking of, with the self-conferred, or, as it may be called, Bath *Brevet-rank* of Baronets, Squires, Colonels, Doctors, and so forth ; talking of their *Estates*, and smirkingly submitting to the imputation of having too refined a taste to live at home in the lofty stations which their great incomes would authorise ; and with the dialect and accent of common *Bog-trotters*, abusing the climate, the ignorance, the dishonesty, and barbarism of Ireland, and taking shame to themselves for *quitting their own sumptuous chateaus* ! And thus, having for three or four months, cheated one another of their pence at whist, casino, and billiards,

and swindled their butcher, baker, laundresses and landladies, *that* set vanishes by night and for ever; some in the inside, and some on the outside, of heavy coaches, on borrowed hacks, or on their feet, while to them succeed more of the same kind of despicable outcasts, who bring most unmerited scandal on the Irish name, and impress the people of England with the idea that in *them* they had seen some of the best and most polished productions of the Sister-nation.

Fortunately it is of no great consequence what notions they inspire into their Bath comrades of the *English* breed, who are pretty nearly as bad as themselves; and indeed, in two or three respects, worse; for amongst these, you have not the affectation of *wealth* and *good-breeding*, but the reality of what

is called *pietre-pride*; added to an insufferable infusion of *Nationality*; that is, of arrogance built upon a firm belief that the English are not only the foremost on the lists of humanity for every excellence, but that this excellence, moral and physical, is equally bestowed upon all who are born on English ground, by a PROVIDENCE whom they allow to be benevolent, yet by whom they believe themselves *pectormarty* favoured!

In Bath, these FAVOURITES OF HEAVEN are numerous; and chiefly infest the lower town, the Pump-room, and the libraries adjacent; and consist of half-pay lieutenants of the army and navy, who call themselves field-officers and captains; of apothecaries who have —not given up business—but—whom business has given up, and who pass for physicians and surgeons, living on their

private property: of military tailors, pawn - brokers, cheese - mongers, iron - mongers, and *other* mongers, all denominating themselves retired Merchants! And as if these were not sufficient to support the national dignity, there are spread throughout the country, and especially scattered over Bath, multitudes of natives from the Colonies; of animals with calf-less legs, tawny hides, frizzled heads, and button-noses, who resemble baboons in their aspects and appetites, and who, by intermarrying with the English, as they constantly do, will, in no great length of time, generate their own deformities of body and mind, all over the European portion of the King's dominions. If, to what I have already said of Bath, you will please to subjoin two or three circumstances more; such as the surprising quantity of men-servants there, who vie with their

employers in profligacy, and are, almost without exception, drunkards and idlers: of ladies'-maids and children's maids, Housekeepers, &c. &c. who are most of them prostitutes: of Billiard-markers, Pastry-cooks, Hair-dressers, &c. the whole amounting to some thousands, you will then have a notion, though by no means a competent notion of the place to which you meditate retiring, in search of opportunities for calm reflection, social converse, and the assistance of wisdom and science towards the cure of your disordered frame!"

I have before told you the effect of this *hoax*; it completely deceived the unfortunate auditor, who weakly giving credence to all he heard, resolved to remain where he was, and in consequence, departed for the other world, without discovering the jest.

Indeed I may say that my ill-starred friend Twaddle lost more than his life by this piece of wicked wit: for never was Bath better worth seeing than just at the very period of his intended visit. Had he then gone thither, he would have beheld, besides other admirable things, a celebrated *amateur* Actor perform the part of Romeo on the stage of the Theatre-Royal in this sublime city, to a house overflowing with literati and genii of both sexes, who sat out the exhibition with the utmost composure, received and dismissed the Gentleman, with the most liberal applause, and at all parties and public places for several weeks following, declared themselves highly gratified with the vast display of talents they had witnessed. In this, the Critics of Bath had the proud honour of setting an example to the rest of the country,

and even to the Capital, by thus unequivocally evincing a true discernment of histrionic merit. Nor is this acumen possessed by them in a less degree at present, as the following particulars will prove. Very recently, the youthful phenomenon, called Roscius Betty, or Betty Roscius happened to arrive in Bath on a tour of pleasure. For three or four days he was seen *jauntily* walking about Milsom-street, and a modest hint was given in one of the newspapers that this theatrical Prodigy was in the town. Soon after, it was buzzed abroad that at the desire of sundry *persons of distinction*, he would condescend to perform some of *his* favourite characters on the stage; and, (to make a short story of it,) he at last appeared in the various parts of Essex, Hamlet, Achmet, Tancred, Alexander, &c. to the infinite gratification of crowded houses, includ-

ing as much of the taste and literature of this astonishing city as could gain admission ; and was allowed to be exquisitely incomparable, and unutterably and inimitably super-human, besides being nearly superior to Garrick in his day: vide, the Bath *Newspapers*. The Box-book, on these occasions was covered over, till it was black as my coat, No. 2, With the Titles of Peers, and the Names of illustrious Commoners, chiefly Irish, who thought themselves bound in honour to attend ; because in Ireland it was that this amazing young man first attracted the public notice ; and from the former and recent sentence of such judges, there can be no appeal. His figure was particularly admired ; so was the neatness of his waist, the beauty of his legs, the enchanting and murmuring melody of his voice, and the expression of his

countenance, arising from his having a fine roman nose, black and flexible brows, and eyes of sparkling jet. Such was the enthusiasm excited in Bath by his re-appearance, that laudatory verses poured in upon him, from all sides: the lowest even of the writing rabble contributed their offerings; the very scavengers and *nightmen* of Parnassus! yea, an Auctioneer of the place knocked himself down for a song in his praise. Can more be required to confirm the intellectual character of Bath in the World's opinion, than what I have just advanced?

But—I must hasten to conclude this my labour, of which I trust you will make a proper use: and I hope you will allow that I have stated facts sufficient, both in point of weight and number, to establish my original asser-

tion in favour of this **QUEEN OF THE ISLES**, and to vindicate our **ABSENTEE** countrymen, not only in the eyes of the existing generation, but in those of *Posterity*. You, and the Reviewers will smile, or haply, laugh at my conceit in supposing that this little Tract will reach to future times! Let me then inform you that I have a device for ensuring it's getting safe into the hands of those who are to live, when we are no more. As soon as convenient after it has been printed, I intend to *bind up the whole impression* along with copies of several Works, of whose **IMMORTALITY** there is no doubt; for instance—Sir Richard Musgrave's history of the Irish Rebellion; pamphlets in favour of the Legislative Union between England and Ireland; the *present* Bishop of Meath's Sermons, and table-talk; Mr. Pitt's speeches; the *continuation* of the *Mise-*

ries of Human Life; the labours of Lord Teignmouth; Travels in Albania and Romelia; Dimond's Petrarchal Sonnets, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. by the same hand, (all he *will* write included;) Hannah More's Cælebs, &c.; Warner's Walks in Wales; Lord Byron's Verses on the opening of Dury-lane Theatre; the Poems of Walter Scott lately published; and those of Mr. Pye, late and early: all the jeux d'esprit of all the Bath newspapers—the versification of every kind put forth by Bath Poets during the last auspicious year, and, to preclude the possibility of failing in my pleasing hope, my fond desire, my longing after fame, my book shall go triumphantly down the stream of time, under the same cover with—Letters from the Swedish Court; the Prison of Montauban; and the new Edition of

the history of Mr. Thomas Thumb, of Thumb-hall, in Northumberland.

Before I take my leave, allow me a few words concerning my frontispiece.

If you or your country friends knew London as well as I do, it would be needless for me to observe, that the *Design* prefixed to this little volume is ironical, and consequently a delicate compliment to the Great City: just as if a painter should draw a very ugly portrait, and call it a striking likeness of the beauteous Miss! St. Paul's Church, bless your five wits! is *not* out of all proportion to the surrounding buildings; neither does it stare at strangers with uplifted paws, nor seem to wonder at itself, and struggle for want of room. On the tenements

beneath there are not any red tiles, for the houses in London are all slated. Then the spires in the city bear no similitude to either sugar-casters, or mustard-pots ; nor does the Monument look like a great candle that requires snuffing !

The environs instead of being flat and marshy, are, as I have elsewhere said, notoriously picturesque ; presenting to the eye a sweet succession of hill and valley.

Of the atmosphere also I have already spoken in terms of admiration. It is a perfect emblem of purity : but in the Plate you will perceive that the Engraver has comically given, to the clouds above the metropolis, forms rather *too* decided, and permitted them to abuse the privilege which

clouds have of resembling other things : on one side they take almost the shape of a flying giant afflicted with dropsy ; in the opposite quarter, of a parish-beadle ; a thunder-cloud constituting his wig and great coat, and a flash of lightening, the gold lace on his three-cocked hat.

Cordially uniting in sentiment with those discerning Irish, who wisely prefer England in general as a place of residence, and in particular, Bath, where I have fixed my abode ; I now, my much esteemed Friend, bid you heartily farewell.

ABSENTEE-ROW, BATH.

